

square face, with its beetling brows, eyes of amber fire and forehead impressive as a cathedral dome, showed no new lines graven by pain.

"Sit down, Egon," he said abruptly, leaning in half an envelope stamped with the head of Hungary's king. "I'll be ready for you in a moment."

The young man took the least uncomfortable chair in the room, which from his point of view was to say little in its favor, because the newest piece of furniture there had been made a hundred years before the world understood that lounging was not a crime. Over the high stone mantel hung a shield, so brightly polished as to furnish the office of a mirror, and from where Egon sat, he could see himself reflected in reflection.

He admired his fresh color, which was like a girl's, pointed the waxed ends of his mustache with nervous cigarette-stained fingers, and thinking of many agreeable things from his career to roulette, from roulette to races and races to pretty women, he wondered of which he had to thank for this summons to the chancellor. Unfortunately Brother Lorenz knew everything. One's pleasant reveries turned to his ears like flies. There was little hope of deceiving him.

Egon sighed, and his eyes turned mechanically from his own image on shining steel to the letter held in an old hand so veined that it reminded the young man of a rock netted with the sprawling roots of ancient trees. He had just time to recognize the writing as that of Adalbert, crown prince of Hungary, whom he knew slightly, when keen eyes darted up from the letter.

"It's coming," thought Egon. "What can the old chap have found out?"

But, to his surprise, the chancellor's first words had no connection with him or his misdeeds.

"So our emperor is amusing himself at Lyndalberg?"

Egon's face brightened. He could be cunning in emergencies, but he was not clever, and always he felt himself at a disadvantage with the old statesman. Unless he had a special favor to ask he generally preferred discussing the affairs of others with the chancellor rather than allowing attention to be attracted to his own. "Oh, yes," he answered brightly. "His majesty is amusing himself uncommonly well. I never saw him in as brilliant spirits. But you, dear Lorenz, tell me about yourself. Is your gout?"

CHUCK CONTINUED

First American Play.

The first play written by an American produced in this country, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, was the tragedy "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, which was brought out at the Southwark theater in the Quaker City in April, 1767, by Lewis Hallam's company, the first organization of players to visit Philadelphia. Godfrey was an ambitious young poet, who died at an early age. His play was above mediocrity and an important part of the volume of his works published in 1765.

A Use For His Obituary.

A well meaning and conscientious editor on being shown by the man most interested that the death of the commandant was falsely reported in his paper, apologized profusely and offered to make it all right.

"We'll print a correction at once," he said.

"Well," said the man who wasn't dead, "perhaps it would be better to let it stand. I'll show it to my friend when they want to borrow money."

Painful Etiquette.

The royal court of France used to be a great place for etiquette. Louis XIV. once caught a severe cold owing to the fact that on his arising from his bed one cold morning the lord of the chamber, whose duty it was to hand him his shirt, happened to be absent. Not one of the numerous courtiers present had the courage to transgress etiquette by handing the garment to the shivering monarch.—London Scrip Book.

Indifferent.

"I can't give you an opinion on that question," the statesman replied, "because it's a question I pay no attention to. I am indifferent to it as indifferent as the backwoodsman's wife. That lady, you know, looked on while her husband had a fierce hand to hand tussle with a bear, and afterward she said it was the only fight she ever saw where she didn't care who won."

Going On.

A terrible noise of thumping and stamping came from Bob's room early one morning.

"Robby, Robby," called his mother from downstairs, "what is going on up there?"

"My shoes," replied Bob.

One Drawback.

Olive—What an improvement it will be if the time ever comes when everybody can get a seat in the street cars. Violet—Oh, I don't know. A girl would never be sure then that she was pretty.—Puck.

Fruit and Flowers

BOSTON FERNS.

They Should Be Grown in a Bright and Airy House.

Preparations for the summer crop of Boston ferns and the various other nephrolepis that are included among the florists' stock are in order. These ferns are readily multiplied by means of their many runners. Plant out the stock plants on a bench, giving them about four inches of good soil of very similar character to that one would plant roses in, and in a few weeks there are likely to be some young plants that may be taken off and potted. When first planted the nephrolepis bed will not require very frequent waterings, but as the plants become well rooted and grow freely they will take up a great deal of water, for they should be grown in a bright and airy house in order to keep the young plants short and stocky. A night temperature of 60 to 65 degrees is quite warm enough for growing.

These nephrolepis are sometimes troubled with a rather flat, brown



NEPHROLEPIS SUPERBISSIMA.

scale, but the young insects are white and at first glance resemble tiny pieces of white cotton on the underside of the frond.

This insect is very destructive, and its ravages soon show in the form of light colored spots that appear on the upper side of the leaf, proving that the insects have been satisfying their appetites with the juices of the leaf. A dipping in tobacco extract will help in killing this pest, but strong tobacco solution is also liable to injure the tips of the fronds. The growing tips of the nephrolepis fronds are quite tender, and it is better to throw away a plant that is badly infested with this scale than to risk further trouble with it. Be very careful to plant out none but clean plants for stock, else the trouble will become more marked the following season.

Instead of risking fine specimens of new sorts of nephrolepis by continued division of all the stock put a few in a bench solely for the purpose of increasing the stock and leave the others alone. Instead of mutilating good sized plants when enough small plants to increase the stock are not on hand buy small plants of some one who has them in abundance.

Transplanting Evergreens.

I have transplanted many hundreds of evergreens, and where I kept a good ball of earth about the roots and quickly got the trees from the old to the new location, so that there was no drying out of the roots, I have invariably had success, remarks a writer in Country Gentleman.

The native white spruce and the native white pine are beautiful trees, the former being found fully branched to the ground at a known age of fifty years. Many trees of this variety will be found having a decidedly bluish color—as blue as many of the sister variety, the Colorado blue spruce. I have seen quite extended areas on the coast of Maine that were a perfect mass of blue. The spruce delights in a moist soil, and this should be kept in mind when planting the trees. Sandy soil and dry sections of country are commonly associated with pine trees, and while this tree does have the ability to grow under such conditions, it does not follow that it will not do very much better as regards growth if given moister and richer soil.

Leaf Spot of the Violet.

Circular brown spots on leaves. This and other violet diseases can best be controlled by growing only the strongest and healthiest plants that can be secured and keeping them under the

best condition throughout the year, removing or burning all diseased parts and disinfecting the houses and beds.—T. B. Symons.

The Low Headed Tree.

The low headed tree is much easier pruned, sprayed, picked and the trunk protected from sun scald. Cultivation can usually be easier done with low headed trees than with high headed ones, as they are usually grown. Ordinarily the trees are not kept pruned and the limbs droop so as to hinder cultivation.

A Quaint Compliment.

On Mark Twain's seventy-second birthday a Hartford clergyman said of him:

"No wonder he finds happiness in old age. All the aged would be happy if they were as sympathetic and as kind as he. He is continually going out of his way to please others, and the result is that he is continually pleasing himself. Listen, for instance, to the quaint compliment he paid me the last time he came to hear me preach. He waited for me at the church door at the service's end and, shaking me by the hand, said gravely:

"I mean no offense, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church, sir, to pursue my own train of thought, but today I couldn't do it. You interfered with me. You forced me to attend to you and lost me a full half hour. I beg that this may not occur again."

Philosophy of Descartes.

Turning the mental vision inward, as Bacon turned it outward, Descartes watched the operations of the soul as an object in a microscope. Resolved to believe nothing but upon evidence so convincing that he could not by any effort refuse his assent, he found as he inspected his beliefs that he could plausibly doubt everything but his own existence. Here at last was the everlasting rock, and this was revealed in his own consciousness; hence his famous "Cogito ergo sum" (I think, therefore I am). Consciousness, said he, is the basis of certitude. Interrogate it and its clear replies will be science, for all clear ideas are true. Down in the depths of the mind is the idea of the infinite perfection—the mark of the workman impressed upon his work. Therefore God exists.—New York American.

Science and Sound Fact.

"The workings of the human mind when asleep are full of wonder," remarked a scientist who was paying a visit to an acquaintance. "Have you ever started up from a sound dreamless sleep, with every sense on the alert and with your whole being thrilled with a vivid yet indefinable feeling that something was wrong and instant action required?"

"Often," replied his hostess, "and in nearly every case I have found that I was awakened by the fumbling of my husband's key at the front door!"

Impertinent.

Speaking of a man noted for his impertinence, an acquaintance said:

"Blank's impudence was second only to that of a waiter I heard about the other day."

"Look here, waiter," said a guest, "this fish is not cooked properly."

"I know it, sir," said the waiter, "but you told me it was for your wife."

"Well, what of that?" asked the surprised guest.

"Why," said the waiter, "I knew that if the lady was your wife she couldn't be very particular."

Realism in Art.

Two artists were boasting how they could paint. "Do you know," said one, "I painted a sixpence on the ground one day, and a beggar nearly broke his fingers trying to pick it up!" "That's nothing to what I did," said the other. "I painted a leg of mutton on a stone, and it was so realistic that a dog ate half the stone before he found out his mistake!"

His Narrow Escape.

"I tell you, the closing of the Steenth National was a mighty close call for me."

"How was that?"

"Why, a friend had advised me to put my money in it and—"

"And you took his advice?"

"No, but I would if I'd had any money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not the Kind He Wanted.

"Little Willie ran away to hunt redskins."

"Yes?"

"But he didn't find any until his father had finished with him."—Harper's Weekly.

Ungallant.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Well," he replied, "poverty is no disgrace, but it's awfully inconvenient at times."

The Wicked Husband.

"Why does a man lie to his wife?" asks a woman writer. Dear me, does he?—Duluth Herald.

A moral, sensible, well bred man will not insult me. No other can.—Cowper.

We cut a Good Figure

In very many men's opinion, because

we clothe them
so perfectly and
at the same time

Economically.



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and many other liquors.



Stock Exchange

A Madman's Strange Belief.

An unfortunate maniac was confined in one of the Scottish lunatic asylums, his particular infirmity being an unshakable belief that every day was Christmas day and that he was dining sumptuously on turkey or roast beef and a good slice of plum pudding. His real diet, however, was of the plainest, he being served twice daily with a dish of oatmeal porridge. After daily describing to his attendants the pleasures he had tasted in his cut of turkey or what not he as regularly added, "Yet, somehow or other, everything that I eat tastes of porridge." This story it was which gave rise to the saying, "As palatable as the madman's porridge."

His Distinction.

A solemn funeral procession, slowly wending its way up the slope from the church to the grave, was intercepted by the old verger, who, pulling his forelock in the usual rustic style, addressed the clergyman, whispering in a confidential manner:

"Please, sir, corpse's brother wishes to speak to yer!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Nautical Secret.

Passenger—What makes this boat pitch so? Sailor—That's a nautical secret, ma'am, that we don't like to give away; but, seein' it's you, I don't mind tellin' you that it's the waves.—San Francisco Call.

He Wanted to Know.

The Employer (coldly)—Why are you so late? The Suburbanite (guiltily)—There were two wrecks on the track this morning, and— The Employer (testily)—Who was the other one?

Partly True.

Mr. Nix—I don't believe a word of your story! Weary—Well, that part about my bein' out of work for nine years is as true as gospel!—Philadelphia Inquirer.